

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

A RICH POSSESSION

Singapore is John Eull's Most Prosperous Colony.

CITY DOES AN ENORMOUS BUSINESS

Population is Gathered From Al Over the Globe.

SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

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I came to Singapore to show you how John Bull manages this one of his possessions. He is the prince of colonial proprietors. He has a bigger empire than the czar, and he spots the globe with his colonial farms. He has been working for a hundred years at the problems which Uncle Sam is trying to figure out in the Philippines, and his work here has been among the Malays, who are second cousins to our Filipinos. The climate and soil are about the same as in the Philippine Islands, and the very air is full of object lessons for us as to our own property and people in the western Pacific.

The English colonies down here in Malaysia are called the Straits Settlements. There are about half a dozen of them, and Singapore is the chief. It is the capital, and it is one of the most important financial centers of King Edward's empire. It is an island so near the Asiatic continent that you can row to it in a canoe in less than an hour, and so small that you can walk from one end of it to the other in a day It contains only 145,000 acres, and of this only one-seventh is under cultivation. Still, the Island does a business of \$200,000,000 a it has millionaires by the score, and its banks and business houses are among the greatest of the orient. It has hotels which will accommodate hundreds of guests, fifty great steamship lines connect it with the north, west and south, it has miles of docks, and more than a thousand vessels come in and out of its harbor every

Made the Jungle Blossom

The growth of this island is an example of what England can do with a colony. Eighty years ago Singapore was a jungle. It was inhabited by tigers and other wild without putting your foot on a cobra. Today the island is cut up with roads. It has pepper, sugar, tapioca and sago plantations. A great part of the jungle has been cleared away and a big city has grown up about the harbor. The city is the half-way station of the voyage around the world. It is a port of call for the steamers to and from Indfa and China, and also for those from China and Japan to and from Europe by the Suez canal. Some of the Australian lines wass through the straits and there are regular ships from here to Java, Borneo, Slam and the Philippines.

Singapore now contains about 200,000 peo-ple, of whom 6,000 are Europeans and Americans and the balance Asiatics. The population is perhaps the most cosmopolitan on the globe. There are about 150,000 Chimese and 16,000 East Indians. There are hundreds of Japanese, Siamese and Jews. There are a thousand dark-skinned Arabs and representatives of almost every tribe battery of volunteer artillery. About one-

ment. He has a yacht of his own and a

military guard. The government house is his residence. It is a palace grander than the White House, situated on a hill overlooking both sea and land. It has magnificent grounds, embracing beautiful lawns spotted with tropical trees and flowers. I drove through them during my stay. They are more beautiful than any botanical garden outside the tropics and are as well kept as the grounds about the White House. There are British soldiers on guard at the front door and the governor is less easy to reach than President Roosevelt.

Governor Cardew is the pivot upon which Singapore society moves, and the great event of the year is the ball which he gives on the king's birthday at his official palace. To this every one goes. Indeed, the invitations are so many that it has been said that everybody who does not happen to be in jail at the time is invited. At this cieties, which take the law into their own

part of the Pacific, having connections with Slam, Sumatra, Borneo, Australia, India and China, and doing business with all of skins show out. slam, Sumatra, Borneo, Australia, India and China, and doing business with all of them. If you want to go anywhere in this part of the world you come to Singapore to start. Two days and \$30 will take you to Java: four days and about the same money start. Two days and \$30 will take you to Java; four days and about the same money to Siam; \$105 will carry you to Calcutta; \$40 to Hongkong and \$200 to London. There are ships almost daily to Europe, rhere are snips almost daily to Europe, via the Suez canal, and every week or so there is a boat direct for the Philippines. There are altogether several miles of docks, which are lighted by American electric lights, and the dock company is one of the

est paying institutions of the place. Rich Chinese. The most of the business, however, is managed by the Chinese. They are the shrewdest merchants and best financiers of the far east. They own stock in nearly everything, and the English tell me that they can beat an European in almost every business deal.

These Chinese are far different from our aundrymen in the United States. They are better dressed and more airy than the nabobs of Pekin. They spend money as well as make it. I see them driving about in carriages with coachmen and footmen in livery. They wear silk gowns and felt hats and lie back on the cushions smoking their cigars as their servants of other nations drive them. Some have their wives, who are resplendent in diamonds and pearls and bracelets of gold. The Chinese here have their cricket clubs. Some of them are yacht men. I see them in the billiard rooms and pass them flying over the roads on American bicycles, their gorgeous silks flirting in the breeze. They are the cashiers accountants of this region. If you go into one of the big banks it is a Chines who figures out the exchange and hands over your money. Some of the best stores are owned by Chinese, and in most business houses the credit of a Chinese merchant is as good as that of an English one. The Chinese have fine homes here. Some have large estates outside Singapore, and on the whole they are an important element of the

community.

I have spoken of a Chinaman being in the governor's council. This is so, but, never-theless, the Chinese are not the easiest gov-



A KLING FAMILY.

oall the government house is ablaze with electric lights, the military is out in force and the cream of Singapore society of all complexions is in evidence.

A Chinaman as Cabinet Minister. The governor rules the colony through his

council or cabinet. He has about as many cabinet ministers as our President, and there is in addition a legislative council. One of the officials of the latter is a Chinese, so that the Chinese have their say as to how the laws are made and executed. Part of the council comes from the other colonies of the straits, for the governor rules not only Singapore, but also Penang, Wellesly and Malacca. He governs four of the states of the Malay peninsula, and he is high commissioner of the British posses-sions in Borneo. He is commander-in-chief of the garrison, and as such has control of all things military.

The English treat their soldiers well while in foreign countries. The garrison here is comparatively small, but the annual military expenses are nearly \$500,000. I visited the barracks and officers quarters. They are outside the city, on the hills, surrounded by beautiful grounds. The officers have homes-bungalows with heavy thatched roofs-and the barracks are exceedingly comfortable. There are on the island two battalions of artillery and one of infantry. In addition there are fortress engineers and a company of Malay submarine miners. The police force has 1,888 men and thirty-eight officers, in addition to a

hands, and which in times past have worked against the government. Not long ago one of these organizations had a membership of 30,000 in Singapore alone, while there were 40,000 members of the same soclety in the nearby city of Penang.

There are poor Chinese as well as rich. They manage the boats in the harbor. I pay a Chinese 21/2 cents a ride as he takes me from place to place in his jinriksha, and it is a Chinese who cooks the food I have

Hindoos and Sikha.

the East Indians form the most important of the Asiatics of Singapore. There are 20,000 of them embracing the chief business tribes of Hindoostan. When I landed it was a Hindoo who forced himself upon me as a guide. He spoke English as well as I do, and insisted so hard that I needed him that I had to take him. He goes with me everywhere and I believe he gets a commission on everything I buy.

There are a large number of Klings here engaged in banking and money changing. They also come from Hindoostan. They are as black as the ace of spades and go about clad in little more than a sheet, but they are the thriftiest usurers of the far east. They lend money to the Malays and other natives and consider 1 per cent a month a low rate. There are a large number of Armenians here selling jewelry, embroideries and silk goods. There are 12,000 Tamils and 3,500 people from Bengal.

Among the bankers are the Parsees, who represent large houses at Bombay, Calcutta and elsewhere. There are 800 Arabs and quite a number of merchants from Ceylon. ome of the finest looking East Indians are the Sikhs, who are employed upon the po-lice force and in the garrisons. They are very tall, straight, brown men, who wear turbans and dress in an Indian military uniform which makes them quite imposing.

A Spectacular Extravaganza.

The streets of Singapore are, in fact, a spectacular extravaganza. You see queer costumes and people at every turn. Come out on the sidewalk and look! There is a yellow Chinese jinriksha man clad in short blue drawers. He is bare to the waist and his conical straw hat sits sidewast and his conical straw hat sits sleet wise on his topnot. Next to him swaggers a brown Malay, wearing a velvet cap and red gown, and behind comes a black Kling red gown, and behind comes a black Kling from Hindoostan in a white sheet and tur-

Let us walk down the street. We pass Mohammedans in red fez caps and long gowns, looking as though they had come from an Egyptian bazaar. We go by tall Sikhs, wearing turbans of black, yellow and red, and Persians in white caps. Here comes a helmetted Englishman in a suit of white duck, and there is a Parsee clad ke a preacher, in black, with a hat which makes me think of an inverted coal scuttle.

The Kling Girls of Singapore. The women are even more interesting han the men. They are of all colors and costumes. Some are as black as coal and the white sheets which they have wrapped around their bodies make them look blacker. Some have holes in the lobes of their ears as big around as the end of your thumb, and in these holes are great plugs of gold set with jewels. Those are Kling women who come from southern India. See the heavy bracelets of gold on their wrists the neavy bracelets of gold on their wrists and ankles! Notice how their ears are rivetted with gold, little gold bolts being put through them with two nuts on the ends so that each ear, from lobe to tip is a very pin cushion of gold.

There comes one now with a gold ring in her nose and seem rings to her nose and se

her nose and screw rings in her nostrils. The nose ring is as big around as the bot-The nose ring is as big around as the bottom of a tin cup, and the yellow of the precious metal is all the brighter for the black face behind it. Turn your eyes now to the rest of the costume. Each woman wears only a skirt, fastened tightly above the hips and falling the brees and a cotton scarf stretched o the knees, and a cotton scarf stretched around the shoulders, over the breast and under one arm, and tied in a knot at the sides. None wears hat or bonnet, and four yards of cotton would make a dress for any one of the party. Those are the wives of Kling bankers and their husbands have money to hurn.

have money to burn.

Behind them comes a Malay woman half hiding her face, for she is a Mohammedan,

Carts and Carriages.

The vehicles are as gay as the people. doubt whether they are as great a success in this respect as the Dutch. I have described how Holland controls the Javanese through the natives. Here the English rule through their own people. The Straits Settlements are a crown colony under a governor appointed by King Edward, aided by an executive council. The governor is the commander-in-chief of the little army and he is practically supreme. His name is Sir Frederick Cardew and he is a K. C. M. G. He gets a salary half as large as the President of the United States, and has in addition a good allowance for entertain-They are of every description. Let us take

tance. Its members are doing excellent work and demonstrating both earnest purpose and much enthusiasm.

Miss Emma Humphries, the instructor in charge of the design classes at the league, and to whose skill and unflagging interest their success is largely due, has this year

Mr. Harold Macdonald has just finished a portrait of Commander Miller of the navy. The officer, in the uniform of his rank, is seen seated in a plain armchair, with his sword in his hand. The pose is easy and natural, the background simple, the clothing so well painted that it is altogether inconspicuous. The flesh tint is excellent, and the modeling strong. It is, indeed, an admirable portrait, forceful, life-like, characteristic, and worthy of high rank among the best of the present day.

Mr. E. L. Morse, after a long and unsuccessful search for a suitable and convenient studio, has determined to build one for himself. It will be located on a lot corresponding to the number 2133 R street, next to General Corbin's new home.

events it is a hopeful sign and though it fall short of its main purpose must be productive of good.

At the V. G. Fischer gallery there was this week exhibited privately a collection of Dutch water colors of the modern school. Not all interiors, such as are commonly associated with the names of the lowland painters, but breezy pictures of out-ofdoors, decidedly unusual and thoroughly interesting. Glimpses of the Dutch towns, some bits of pure landscape, and views of broad sweeps of country, all done in that crisp, loose manner which is so alluring. There was also exhibited two landscapes by Constable which were similar in composition, splendid in color and strong in effect, and a picture of the "Sand Dunes of Lake Ortario," by Homer Martin. The last is a solemn picture, dreary in effect, in spite of a bright sunset sky. It is a fine painting, but will be more admired by connoisseurs than by the general public.

DIVORCE IN THE DISTRICT.

Attention was recently called by a promispectacle" offered to observers by the rush for divorces in this city. It was asington have advertised lower rates for the the rush, however, being ascribed to the

In view of the foregoing it may be of of marriage may be granted in any of the

while either of the parties thereto had a former wife or husband living, unless the former marriage had been lawfully dissolved and no restraint imposed on the party contracting such second marriage. Where such marriage was contracted during the lunacy of either party.

Where either party has committed adulery during the marriage. For habitual drunkenness for a period of three years of the party complained

For cruelty of treatment, endangering the life or health of the party complain-For willful desertion and abandonment

by the party complained of against the party complaining for the full uninterrupted space of two years.

A divorce from bed and board may be granted for either of the following causes:

Cruelty of treatment, endangering the life or health of one of the parties. Reasonable apprehension, to the satisfaction of the court, of bodily harm. Under the provisions of the new code of law a divorce from the bond of marriage

may be granted only where one of the parties has committed adultery during the marriage. In such case the innocent party only may remarry. Nothing is contained in the law to prevent the remarriage of the divorced parties to each other.

Legal separation from bed and board, under the code, may be granted for drunkenness, cruelty and desertion.

did not know how perfectly absurd the tacking of the husband's title to the wife's name appeared until one night last week. when I attended some kind of a charitable function arranged by the pupils and teachers of one of the city schools where my twelve-year-old daughter is enrolled. I was introduced right and left as 'Mrs. Congressman' So-and-So. Now, it is bad enough to have some one always saying Mrs. So-and-So, wife of Congressman, etc. My husband is a representative, one of a number from his state, and not a single vote was cast for me. At this function I met 'Mrs. Senator' Blank, 'Mrs. Judge' S. 'Mrs. General' X. and a string of other titled' women. The climax was capped, however, by my young daughter, who brought me a very pretty, personable young girl whom she introduced as 'Miss Janitor' Z. Before I recovered from the shock of this title an elderly woman appeared on the scene, whom my daughter immediately ented as 'Mrs. Janitor' Z. "Mrs. Janitor Z. smiled a little as she ac-

knowledged the introduction, then remarked in a perfectly self-possessed manner: 'My husband is the janitor, not I. Is it not odd how children ape the manners of their elders?' Which was something of a slap at me, though unintended. But, after all, if it is 'Mrs. General,' why not also Mrs. Janitor?' Why not?

Plea of the Young Evergreens. Eliza Woodworth in Birds and Nature.

On coastings gray we stay the creeping sand; We lift our spears and halt the shifting dames; Our bounteous youth makes glad the scanty lend, While it transforms rank ferns, and salt lagune We veil the prairies from the heat, while slow Across their farmsteads breathes our summer Across their farmsteads breathes our summe balm, And shield them when the winds of winter blow, And all our aisles and pleasant rooms are calm.

wide, And live through drouths, and fixeds, and whirling storms, Fill comes to man his merry Christmas tide, That lays in myriad deaths our fairest forms.

They tear us from the wall-chinks of the glens, And hew us on the marsh we helped to drain, And where our beauty graced, the cawny fens. Shall iapse to weeds and sworded bags again.

Up coastings, line the lisping, creeping sands, While inland move the dames we bravely stayed, When we are borne away by wasteful lands. To tower in rooms, with lights and gifts arrayed.

Spare us! we bring you beauty, shelter, wealth, Oh! waste us not. Oh! keep with guiltless sho The holy time; and life, and joy, and health, Be gifts to you, while winds of winter blow.

HOW THE ACTOR PLANNED FOR A CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY. .

Assisted by the Women in His Com pany-No Wonder They Were Surprised.

"One night, about a week before Christmas, in Chicago," said a veteran actress who was recently in Washington, and who for many years was a member of the company of the late John T. Raymond, "Mr. Raymond approached several ladies of his company after the performance, and, with the evident reluctance of a man of generous parts betraying himself while about to commit a charitable action, he said to us: "'Girls, I wish you'd give me a little lift toward fixing up a Christmas tree for a couple of young ones that I've picked up,

"Of course we clapped our hands and applauded him and told him that he was the best old thing that ever was-which, indeed, was the simple truth. He was forever stopping on his way when taking his walks to chuck children under the chin and talk to them and buy them sweetmeats and toys, and when he told us about this Christmas tree that he wanted us to help him decorate we immediately had the mental picture of a couple of tots that he had found somewhere or other, and, knowing they had no Christmas in store, had decided to give them a treat. We were all enthusiasm over the project, for several of us in the company had children of our own at home whose Christmas trees would to be dressed that year by other hands than

bless their curly little heads!"

'Are they boys or girls, these waifs that you have such fun in store for?' we asked

"He shook his finger at us playfully, murmured something about the curiosity that killed a cat, and then his manner became more serious.

"'Oh, they're a couple of poor little outcasts,' he said, shaking his head as if over the sadness of their situation. Little Mildred and Algernon, I call them, although the poor little things don't know their own



"Are they boys or girls?" we asked. names, and, of course, I'm not acquainted

with their parents.

"We murmured a few sympathetic words, and then Mr. Raymond went on:
"I want to give the poor curly-haired little things one fine Christmas in their lives if they never have another one. They look as if little enough jey had percolated into their innocent young lives so far.

Working on Their Sympathies. "I am not sure but that several of us

were more or less inclined to give vent to never denied your claim to being the pepa tear or so by this time, so touching was the picture we conjured up of the sorrowful state of the tiny pair of orphansof course, although he hadn't said so, we were certain that they were orphans. 'They've been so miserably neglected

all their lives,' went on Mr. Raymond, seeming to have to make an effort to con-trol himself, 'that they are necessarily rough little creatures, but one's sympathy for them is none the less on that account.' "'Why, certainly not." we all said, in chorus, and then we asked him just what he wanted us to do. He explained that he wanted to have a fine Christmas tree rigged up for the little ones in the sitting room of his suite at the hotel, so that after the show on Christmas eve he and we could enjoy the delight of the pair of waifs over the wonderful show of goodles and toys prepared for them. He would have them in waiting at the hotel, he said, and when the tree was all ready and lighted up he would fetch them in in the presence of all of us and let them be hugged, and so on. "'Now, girls, do the thing up right," concluded Mr. Raymond, handing us money wherewith to undertake the pleasurable 'Don't spare any expense.

have the pair of curly heads disappointed for anything."
"We tried to cajole him into letting us see the youngsters before the arrival of the eventful Christmas eve, offering as a pretext the fact that we ought to have a chance to give the children a good scrub-bing and dressing up before having them presented to company, but Mr. Raymond only shook his head mysteriously over the

suggestion, and remarked that he guessed

they'd be clean and dressed up enough. The Great Event.

"Well, we pitched in and began to shop for that Christmas tree. First, we got the tree and set it up in Mr. Raymond's hotel sitting room, and then we traipsed half over Chicago to get toys and candies and other things for the tree. We didn't neglect to buy many useful things for young ones, and we worked on this project as if ones. We were arranging the candles and putting the finishing touches to that tree right up to the moment that we were due in thinking of the joy of the pair of walfs will cost."

when they were brought into the room and confronted by the wonderful tree. "Well, all of the members of the company, men and women, repaired to Mr. Raymond's apartments as soon as the make-up was removed, and we found him there hapwas removed, and we found him there hap-pily contemplating the effect of the tree. He had lighted the tiny candles himself, and he was standing away at a little dis-tance, in his lounging robe, and with his hands in his pockets, gleefully sizing up the tree. We women who had helped to or-



quired.

the pair of waifs that we could hardly re 'Where are they?' we demanded of Mr.

Raymond. 'Tut, tut, such impatience!' said he,

cheerfully. 'The pair of curly-heads are the next room, and I've had all I could do this last quarter of an hour to keep them from just gnawing their way in here. All ready? Shall I fetch 'em in?"

"I think that it was right at this point that several of us who had known Mr. Raymond for a long while began to look at him with more or less suspicion. That pair of waifs had surely been keeping almighty

quiet in the next room, we thought Not What They Expected.

"'Ready! Yes! Produce the dear little things at once!' was the cry, and then Mr. Raymond solemnly opened the door of his sleeping room and quickly closed it after him. He was gone for about half a minute, and then his bed room door opened again. Mr. Raymond was leading by heavy two-

I ever saw before or since.
"'Here are the curly, golden-haired dears!" he exclaimed, his eyes gleaming rapturous-ly, as he led the poor little frisking mutts up to the Christmas tree. Then a hurt ex-pression crept into his eyes as he gazed around at us, stunned as we were. don't you hug 'em?' he inquired in a bitterly disappointed tone.
"Well, when we emerged from the daze

inch ropes the yellowest, homeliest, scraw-niest, shaggiest pair of mongrel pups that

we pelted him with every sofa pillow and slipper and book and loose article in the room, while the purps barked merrily at the Christmas tree and the men of the company guyed us to the verge of distraction. Then a delivery wagon man came up and took the Christmas tree to the Newsboys' Home as Mr. Raymond had previously arranged, as Mr. Raymond had previously arranged, after which Mr. Raymond thrust open the doors of his parlor, revealing a beautifully ornamented and illuminated table with plates set for all of the members of the company. Santa Claus had long finished making his rounds before we got up from that table, and the fun that Mr. Raymond provided for us more than compensated for

What He Says.

"Does he ever gamble?" "Well, he married."-Chicago Post.

She-"You men claim to be the salt of the He (mildly)-"But, my dear, we have

Wife-"I am going down town this morn-ing to try and match a piece of silk." Husband-"Very well, my dear. "I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself."-Tit-

"Has your wife finished her Christmas shopping "Yes. She expects now to be able to put in all the rest of her time looking at things

she might have bought for less money if she had only known it."-Chicago Record-Herald. What She Says.

He-"Of course, dear, I'll be back from

lyn Life.

the club in time for the opera, but in case it should turn out to be impossible I'll send you a note by a messenger." She-"That's not necessary; It just dropped out of your overcoat pocket."-Brook-

Tess-"I saw her in her new dress today, and she seemed really happy. Isn't it re-markable?" Jess-"How remarkable?"

Tess-"That some people can seem happy, no matter how they look."—Philadelphia

Mrs. Winks-"Why in the world didn't you write to me while you were away?"
Mrs. Minks-"I did write."
Mrs. Winks-"Then I presume you gave
the letter to your husband to mall, and he
is still carrying it around in his pocket."

Mrs. Minks-"No, I posted the letter my-Mrs. Winks—"Ah, then, it is in my hus-band's pocket."—New York Weekly.

A. D., Say, 3000. From Puck.

"Is there to be a challenge for the Amer'ca's cup this year?"

"That is the report. No names are given out as yet, but it is understood an English shipbuilder thinks he can build a yacht to our own shildren were to be the surprised carry twenty-five acres of canvas, and yet weigh not to exceed ten pounds; which is a quarter of an acre more canvas than last right up to the moment that we were due to go to the theater on Christmas eve, and I dare say we slurred our parts dreadfully facturer of fish glue is said to stand ready during the performance of the christmas even and a half less weight. A leading manufacturer of fish glue is said to stand ready



Literary Traveler (to depressed-looking resident outside country churchyard)—"Interesting old place, this, sir. Any folk-lore or fairy tales connected with it?"

Grumpy Resident (who has evidently been left out of a will)—"There isn't any folk-lore in this neighborhood, and the only fairy tales you'll find are in the churchyard—on the tembstones."—Moonshine.

THE WIFE OF A SINGAPORE MILLIONAIRE.

of Hindoostan and Burmah. There are Parsees from Bombay, Slamese from Bang-kok, as well as hundreds of Armen'ans. There are also thousands of Malays and a large population of Eurasians, who are half European, half Asiatic. It is this mass that the English govern with a small garrison and a police force of less than 2,000 men. They keep them in

perfect order and make property and life safer than they are in the heart of London or New York.

How Singapore is Governed.

The English understand how to govern the Asiatics better than we do, although I doubt whether they are as great a success

half million dollars have been expended on

A Free Port, but Out of Debt. We charge customs duties on about

out trouble and the government always comes out ahead at the end of the year.

has a revenue of \$2,500,000 a year, one-third of which is paid out in salaries. The rev-enue comes from land taxes, stamps, li-censes, postage and port and harbor dues. It is collected by the English officials with-

everything that comes to the Philippines, and our policy there is protection of the highest order. Here everything is free trade. There are no customs duties whatever and, notwithstanding this, the colony has a revenue of \$2,500,000 a year, one-third of which is paid out in salaries. The revenue comes from land taxes, stamps, li-

skinned Chinamen are unloading it. They are carrying off American bleydles, cottom and flour. Further on is a vessel unloading iron from Belgium, and below is one unshipping boxes of brandy and wines from France, marked Bangkok, and probably intended for the King of Siam. 3

There is a vessel which has off machinery for the petroleum fields of Sumatra, while further on a gang of black East Indians is carrying out galvanized from plate for roofs here in Singapore. There are also ships unloading coal. That coal came from England, and it has traveled thousands of miles, making the trip half way around the world to reach Singapore. This is one of the great coaling places of the far east, and the English keep vast supplies here on hand to have them ready in case of war. An American Electric Light Plant.

As we look the sun drops down quickly, as it always does on the equator, and the electric lights on the docks flash out of the darkness. We walk a short distance to see the light plant, for we are told it is Ameri-

can. It was put up by a couple of Yankees who have such plants scattered throughout the far east. They have lighted the Singapore hotels and have so arranged them that every guest can have an electric fan in his room at so much per day. The dock electric plant is a fine one, but it is liable to be affected by the lizards, of which there are many on the island. The little animals crawl everywhere and an electrical engineer tells me that they sometimes connect the positive and negative poles of the machinery, the result being roast lizard and for a time an extinction of light. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ART NOTES

An exhibition of paintings by Mr. Lucien Powell and portraits by a half dozen celebrities opened last Tuesday in the hemicycle of the Corcoran Gallery, where it may be seen by the public until the 31st of December. Taken collectively it is an imposing display, and well suited to the size and dignity of the hall in which it is

One is immediately impressed upon en-

trance by its color-ful qualities and conscious of a sense of pleasure in the harmony of effect. The first impression is given by Mr. Powell's paintings, which constitute the major part of the exhibition, thirty-one canvases being shown, besides six sizable water colors and some sixty-five sketches. A large proportion of these are the Turneresque Venetian pictures, by which the artist is best known. They are especially remarkable for their effects of light, their color and technique, which virtues in a measure outweigh the weakness in architectural drawing and exaggerated distances, noticeably observable in the Venetian views. In spite of the interest of these compositions the cleverness of their handling and the established precedence of Venice as a place of un-rivaled picturesqueness, the group of paint-ings done by Mr. Powell last winter from sketches made a year ago in the Yellow-stone valley surpass them and make really the most notable feature of the exhibition. Two of these are of the canon of the Yellowstone, taken from the same point of view, but looking in opposite directions. One is about 7 by 10 feet, the other not less than 8 by 7, and both are as big from an artistic standpoint as from that of linear measure.

The one midway of the semi-circular side of the hall is a masterly production, full of the majesty of the strange scene it de-The giant walls of the canon glow with the prismatic hues; the river at their with the prismatic hues; the river at their feet, dwarfed into the appearance of little more than a brook, reficts the deep blue of the sky, while between float the clouds of vaporous mists. It is dazzling with color, but perfect in harmony and atmospheric to the furthest degree. The perspective is excellent, the light well concentrated, the geological formation strongly constructed, and moreover Mr. Powell has handled the subject so well that while dramatic, it is nowise stagey. A little water color of this same Grand Canon, indramatic, it is nowise stagey. A little water color of this same Grand Canon, in-Next to the Chinese, outside the Malays, the East Indians form the most important less pleasing or poetic, and demonstrates great skill in the management of that me

dium. It is always interesting to see so large collection of one artist's work, for from a score or two of his paintings viewed toof their value, a clearer insight gained of his point of view and aims than by same number viewed separately. In this connection a strong marine by Mr. Powell is specially interesting, testifying to the versatility of his powers. His two groups of sketches made last summer in Italy add also materially to the exhibition. It is dif-ficult to believe that they could have all been done in so short a space of time, for their number is at first sight bewildering, and even upon longer acquaintance detri-mental to the appreciation of each individually. They give marked evidence of the ability and experience of the painter, for they are handled with charming simplicand possess the attractiveness of truth-

ul interpretations. Of the portraits shown, three are by Benjamin Constant. They are likenesses of, respectively, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henderson and Lord Pauncefote, the merits of which, especially that of Mrs. Henderson, are so obvious that even the uninitiated could scarcely fail to appreciate them, but before the one of the British ambassador, the artists themselves are inclined to linger. It is an extraordinary piece of work. The portrait of Lady Pauncefote, by Mr. Henry Floyd of this city, possesses some good points, but on the whole is not pleas-

Even less can be said of the three-quarter length portrait of General Miles, by C. Ayres Whipple (a western painter of celebrities), which is hard, lifeless and poor

Wilma Parlaghy's portrait of the Lussian ambassador is also hard and faulty in drawing, but it is strong, well put together and evinces character. There is a vigor and evinces character. There is a vigor and force to it that atones for the woodenness of the flesh and demands respect from the critic. Last year quite a commotion was created abroad by the rejection of this artist's work by the jury of selection of the Berlin exhibition, for the German emperor immediately requested its admission, and replied to a protest made by the artists by a royal command. Miss Mueden's "Juanita," exhibited in the Water Color Club's late annual, more than

holds its own with these notables, among

which is also a characteristic portrait by Eastman Johnson and one of a lady by Prince Troubetskoi. The latter is done in

the happy manner noticeable in all his An admirable portrait by this painter may be seen in the studio of Mr. Keeling, (of whom it is a likeness), who has himself just returned from London. He has painted during his last season in the British capital, portraits of the queen, the Countess of Warwick, and other personages of note, among whom Mrs. Brown
Potter may be mentioned, Mr. Keeling, in
fact, considers himself a resident of London, and purposes spending only a couple

latures of New York people. Many will learn with regret that Dr. Kindleberger will not in all probability return to Washington this winter. At present he is in Christiania, Norway, painting with enthusiasm, the splendid Norwegian mountain scenery.

of months each year in this country.

Miss Solomons is still in New York, and is not expected back here until the middle

Mr. J. McLure Hamilton, the well-known

Anglo-American portrait painter, and his

family are expected to be in Washington

by Christmas. They come to stay for the

rest of the winter and spring.

of trees or a tree.

At the Art Students' League preparations are in progress for the usual Christmas party, for the officers, instructors and students of the school believe heartily in the value of the union of work and play. This year the festivity is to take the form of a garden party, a burlesque on the one held at the Barber place last spring after several postponements. It will be an indoor affair, of course, but not necessarily devoid

The evening design class at the league has become a factor of considerable impor-

also classes in Baltimore three days a week at the Water Color Club, in which building an exhibition of her pupils' work is to be held from January 3 to 5.

* * Significant of the progress of art in Washington and the realization of the "Utopian dream" of its becoming an art center, is the bill introduced into Congress last Tuesday by Senator McMillan, appropriating \$3,000,000 for the erection of a building for exhibition purposes along the lines suggested by Mr. E. L. Morse in his letter to The Star of December 12. Should this be favorably considered it will be a splendid accomplishment, but at all

Wherein the New Law Differs From the Old One.

nent out-of-town newspaper to the "novel serted that the specialist lawyers of Washremainder of the year, the chief cause for prospect of a divorce law much less liberal than the present one going into effect the 2d of January. Under the provisions of the existing statute as interpreted by sympathetic courts, so the writer referred to declares, cold feet, chronic dyspepsia or a habit of bringing friends home to dinner on wash days are sufficient grounds for a decree with liberal alimony at the present time here at the capital of the nation. interest to specify just what the law now in force provides. A divorce from the bond

following cases: Where such marriage was contracted Where either party was matrimonially incapacitated at the time of the marriage.

against.

Said a society woman recently: "I really

We hide the stony mountain side with green, And grow in beauty where the plain was bare; We cling to crannies of the walled ravine, And through faint valleys waft a strengthening

Through charming days we spread our branches

Men drag us from our fragrant winding vales, They fell us on the mountain slops, and bare The prairies unto heat, and freezing gales, And thinned, the chaparral plains fall unaware.

Spare us!—oh! spare our youth, with verdure crowned—
Our groves return to deserts when we pass;
The coasts which we revived in sands are drowned;
Bare slopes but yield their stones and bitter grass.

Why don't you nament the tree were so impatient to see